

Rev. J. A. Morris

PART VII.

JULY.



BRADBURY AND EVANS,]

MDCCCL.
PRICE ONE SHILLING.

[WHITEFRIARS.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

An extra Plate is given with the present Number, besides Five Woodcuts; but the Plan of the Tower in the Sixteenth Century, promised in our last, not being finished, is unavoidably delayed, but will certainly appear in Part VIII.

JUNE 30, 1840.

THE ECCENTRIC SNUFF-TAKER.

SHOULD trade be dull and times go rough,
Oh, give me then a pinch of snuff;
Give me my box a pinch to take,
Even when I'm pleas'd, for pleasure's sake.
When fortune's frowns disturb my mind,
And friends appear to grow unkind,
Relief I seek within my box;
My system is quite orthodox.
When a true friend perchance I meet,
I cheerfully his person greet,
A hearty "How do you do?" takes place,
When, lo! my snuff-box shows its face.
My pulveriferous box supplies
A recipe for weakly eyes;
That man must be a silly goose
Who thoughtlessly condemns its use.
If my proboscis could but speak,
"Twould often say—the dose repeat;
Each grateful sneeze and titillation
Excites a frequent iteration.
Then here's my glass, in which I toast
Success to that which I love most;
Reader, I pray don't think me bluff—
Mark well the hint!—'Tis GRIMSTONE'S Snuff.

W. H. H. E., Cooper's Arms, Bristol.
To Mr. W. Grimstone, 39, Broad-street, Bloomsbury,
April 27, 1840.

A FEW CASES OF SIGHT RESTORED BY GRIMSTONE'S SNUFF.

J. B. Lachfield, Esq., cured of ophthalmia, Whitehall and Thatched House Tavern. (Read his letter attested by G. J. Guthrie, Esq., F.R.S., &c.) G. W. M. Reynolds, Esq., No. 36, Upper Stamford-street, London, cured of excruciating pains in the head, by using this snuff. George Smith, Esq., No. 6, York place, Kentish-town; weakness and dimness of sight cured by its use—Feb. 10, 1840. Mrs. Elizabeth Robson, aged 66, 19, Bell-street, Edgware-road, cured of ophthalmia and deafness—23d March, 1840. Mrs. Ann Cole, aged 69, sight restored, headache and deafness cured, No. 7, Skinner's Arms-houses, Mile-end—Jan. 9, 1840.

This celebrated Eye Snuff is manufactured from highly aromatic herbs. The above is only a part of the many thousand Cures effected by the use of this delightful restorative. It is sold in canisters, at 1s. 3d., 2s. 4d., 4s. 1d., 8s., and 15s. 6d. each. None is genuine that has not the signature of W. Grimstone, and the Queen's Arms, with the Patronage of his late Majesty, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and authorised by the Lords of the Treasury.
"Loyal je serai durant ma vie."

WHITE'S ESSENCE OF EGLANTINE,

A highly fashionable and peculiar Handkerchief Scent, possessing extracts from the most fragrant flowers, and forming a Perfume at once sweet, durable, and refreshing. In bottles, at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 8s. and in elegant Toilet Bottles, 14s. each.

WHITE'S AROMATIC PUNGENT ESSENCE.

So exceedingly useful in Head Aches, Fainting, &c., and particularly reviving in crowded rooms. In neat stoppered bottles, enclosed in Morocco cases, 3s. each.

WHITE'S GENUINE COOLING APERIENT SEIDLITZ POWDERS.

These Powders possessing absorbent as well as aperient properties, are superior to all others in Heartburn, Indigestion, Bile, or Acidity of the Stomach, arising from a too free use of wines, spirits, or highly seasoned viands; they may be had recourse to as an agreeable and efficient saline remedy, the fixed air they contain rendering them as refreshing as Soda Water. In red boxes, lined with tin-foil, 2s. each. (warranted to keep in any climate.)

The above prepared only by **THOMAS WHITE**, Chemist, 24, Cornhill, London.
N. B. The Essence of Eglantine, and the Aromatic Pungent Essence, can be obtained of any respectable Chemist or Perfumer in the Kingdom.

Medicine Chests, fitted up with the best drugs suitable for any climate, varying in price from £2 to £20.

THE TOWER OF LONDON ADVERTISER.



TO ENGINEERS, ARCHITECTS, &c.

H. MACRAE (late **SILBERRAD**) begs to inform Gentlemen of the above Profession, that he continues to manufacture Drawing Instruments of every description in the very best manner, at prices much below those usually charged.

German Silver Tube Compasses, 35s.; Proportionate ditto, full divided, 32s.; Pillar Compasses, 25s.; Steel Bows, 5s. 6d. A great variety always ready for inspection at the Wholesale and Retail Factory, 34, Aldgate-street, facing the Pump.

ESTABLISHED 1670.

THE CHRONICLES OF CRIME.

On Wednesday, the 1st of July, will be published, neatly printed in octavo, No. 1, Price Sixpence, and also Part 1, Price Two Shillings, of

THE CHRONICLES OF CRIME; or, New Newgate Calendar: a Series of remarkable Cases tried at the Criminal Courts, including Memoirs and Anecdotes of Notorious Characters, who have outraged the Laws of Great Britain, from the earliest period to the present time. By **CAMDEN PELHAM, Esq.**, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. The Work will be completed in 52 Numbers, published weekly, each embellished with an Engraving, or Thirteen Monthly Parts, each embellished with Four Engravings, the whole of which will be drawn and engraved in his very best manner by **PHIZ**.

London:—Printed for **THOMAS TEGG**, 73, Cheap-side, and may be procured, by order, of all Booksellers and Canvassers of Periodical Publications in the Kingdom.

FOR THE HOME and EXPORT TRADE.—
COMFORT FOR TENDER FEET, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

HALL and CO., sole Patentees of the **PANNUS CORIUM**, or **LEATHER CLOTH BOOTS** and **SHOES** for Ladies and Gentlemen. These articles have borne the test and received the approbation of all who have worn them. Such as are troubled with corns, bunions, gout, chilblains, or tenderness of feet from any other cause, will find them the softest and most comfortable ever invented; they never draw the feet or get hard, qualities which strongly recommend them to Merchants and Shippers for warm climates, where they are found easier and more durable than any other kind of shoes; they resemble the finest leather, and are cleaned with common blacking. The material sold by the yard in any quantity.

The much approved Patent India-Rubber Goshes are light, durable, and perfectly waterproof; they thoroughly protect the feet from damp and cold.

HALL and CO.'S portable waterproof Dresses claim the attention of all who are exposed to the wet. Ladies' Cardinal Cloaks with hoods, from 18s. Gentlemen's Dresses, comprising Cape, Overalls, and Hood, 21s.; the whole can be carried with convenience in the pocket.

N.B.—The Shoes or Goshes can be fitted by sending a shoe, and the waterproof Dresses by the height of the figure.

HALL and CO., Patentees, Wellington-street, Strand.

ENAMELLED PORCELAIN RADIATING STOVE GRATES,

of splendid designs, for DRAWING ROOMS, &c., recently completed, are now on show at PIERCE'S Manufactory, 5, Jermyn-street, Regent-street.

Where also may be seen a most extensive assortment of STOVE GRATES, in STEEL, OR MOLU, &c., upon PIERCE'S improved principle, adapted for the effectual cure of *Smokey Chimnies*.

Furnishing Ironmongery and Bath Warehouse, 5, JERMYN STREET, REGENT STREET.

HEAL AND SON'S FRENCH MATTRESSES.

H EAL and SON have removed from 203, to 196, opposite the Chapel, Tottenham Court Road, London.

The universally acknowledged superiority of the French Mattresses, arises from the quality of the material of which they are made, and not, as is sometimes supposed, from the difference in the workmanship. The French Mattress is made of long Fleece Wool, and therefore but little work is requisite, leaving to the Wool the whole of its softness and elasticity: whereas, even the best of English Mattresses are made of the combings from Blankets and other Manufactured Goods, and a great deal of work is necessarily required to keep the material together; and when (as is now very frequently done) Mattresses are made, in imitation of the French, of this Short Wool, they soon wear lumpy and out of condition.

The demand for these much-approved Mattresses having rendered their late Premises inconveniently small, they have built an extensive Manufactory exclusively for the making of Bedding, and are therefore enabled to keep the largest Stock in the Trade, not only of French Mattresses, but of every other description of Bedding, including every size and quality of Feather Beds, Mattresses, Pallaisses, Blankets, Quilts, &c.

TERMS—NET CASH on delivery.

CORNS AND BUNIONS.

Patronised by the
ROYAL FAMILY
and
NOBILITY.

P AUL'S EVERY MAN'S FRIEND, is a speedy and sure cure for those painful annoyances, without cutting or pain. It is a luxury to the tenderest feet, acting on the corn with the most gentle pressure, producing a delightful relief, and entirely eradicating both Corns and Bunions.

EXTRAORDINARY TESTIMONIAL.

From Dr. Cummins, Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence, at the Aldersgate School of Medicine.

Dr. Cummins presents his compliments to Mr. Paul, and begs to inform him, that his Every Man's Friend has entirely taken away both his Corns, and he has recommended it to several of his Friends and Patients, and in no one instance has it failed eradicating both Corns and Bunions.

Prepared by John Fox, in boxes, at 1s. 1½d. or three in one for 2s. 9d., and to be had of C. King, 232, Blackfriars-road, and all wholesale and retail Medicine Venders in Town and Country. The genuine has the name of John Fox on the Stamp. A 2s. 9d. box cures the most obdurate Corns.

Ask for Paul's Every Man's Friend.

JONES'S PROMETHEANS.

T HE advantages the Prometheans possess over all other instantaneous lights are their extreme simplicity and durability, as neither time nor climate can impair their original quality. They are composed of a small glass bulb hermetically sealed, containing about a quarter of a drop of Sulphuric Acid, encompassed by a composition of the Chlorate of Potash, enclosed in Wax Papers or Wax Tapers; the latter will burn sufficiently long for sealing two or three letters. The PROMETHEANS being pleasant to use, and never failing in their purpose, they are rendered nearly as cheap as the common Lucifers.

To be had of all respectable Chemists, &c., or at the Manufactory, 201, Strand.

MARRIAGE GROUP.—Her Majesty in her nuptial dress of Honiton point lace, by Miss Bidney, manufacturer of the whole of the lace for her Majesty's bridal attire; and Prince Albert in his field-marshal's uniform; with the Archbishop of Canterbury performing the august ceremony. Madame TUSSAUD and SONS respectfully announce the above addition.—Admittance One Shilling. Open from 11 till dusk, and from 7 till 10.—Bazaar, Baker-street, Portman-square.

CORNS.

DICKER'S OPIATE CORN PLASTER for the removal of Corns, Bunions, and all hard fleshy substances on the Feet. It is admitted by the thousands who have tried it, and the most sceptical, to be the only remedy ever offered to public notice; it acts both as an opiate and solvent, by relieving the most excruciating pain, and gradually dissolving the callous or horny substance. Prepared only and sold by Wm. DICKER, Chemist, 235, Strand, next door to Temple Bar, London, in boxes 1s. 1½d. each. Sold also by Sanger, 150, Oxford-street, and Johnston, 68, Cornhill, and the principal Chemists in every Town in the Country.



BATH CHAIRS.—IMPORTANT TO INVALIDS.

B—A large assortment of Bath and Brighton Wheel Chairs for Sale or Hire, some with Patent Reclining Backs for spinal complaints, enabling an invalid to lie at full length, at G. Minter's, 33, Gerrard-street, Soho. Also Minter's Patent Self-acting Reclining Chairs, for the Sick-Chamber or the Indulgent; and Minter's Patent Improved Rising Couch or Bed, which for variety of positions, and the ease it affords, ought to be inspected by every Invalid in the Kingdom, at 33, Gerrard-street, Soho.

HODGSON'S POTTED WELCH SALMON.—"Among the recent breakfast-table luxuries is a very delightful whet to the appetite in the shape of POTTED WELCH SALMON, introduced by Hodgson, of Union-street East, Bishopsgate-street. It is quite enough for us to state we have tasted it, and highly approve it."—*Satirist*.

"We doubt not every epicure, traveller, or invalid, will soon avail themselves of this luxury."
—*Kent Herald*.

CAUTION.—Several spurious compositions having appeared in imitation of the original, the proprietor begs to observe that none are genuine unless signed "JOHN HODGSON, 27, Union-street East, Bishopsgate-street," on the side labels.

To be had in pots, at 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. of all oilmen, grocers, druggists, and fishmongers in the kingdom.

H. WALKER'S NEEDLES, with the new eyes of increased size, are now in course of delivery to the trade. They are easily threaded, work with great freedom, and are more durable than any others. The new labels, to protect the public against imitation, consist of a very beautiful set of miniature profiles, equestrian figures, &c., of her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, in very bold relief, on coloured grounds. The style is truly novel, extremely elegant, and very generally admired. H. Walker's Hooks and Eyes, manufactured by his improved machinery, are well worthy of notice. The boxes bear his name on an engraved label, showing the size. Sold also on cards by the principal dealers.—H. WALKER, 20, Maiden-lane, Wood-street.

AN important saving to Persons furnishing and to Housekeepers in general, is presented in the Article Richards's Victoria Silver Plate, the best and cheapest substitute for silver ever produced. Silver patterns, very durable, easily kept clean and improve in the wear.

Tablespoons and forks 20s. to 28s. Deserts 16s. to 24s., and Teas 10s. to 15s. per Dozen.

Tea and Coffee Pots, Cruet Stands, &c. equally cheap; King's pattern Table-knives superior Steel Blades, 30s. per Dozen. To be had only at Lowther House, 438, West Strand, corner of Lowther Arcade.

RACES TO COME.

PERRING'S PATENT LIGHT VENTILATING HATS, weighing only 3½ ounces.—The nobility, gentry, and public, seeking good light and serviceable HATS, suited for the race course, sea side, and warm climates, will find these hats superior to all others, as they prevent headache, determination of blood to head, and other ailments; prices from 10s. 6d. to 21s.; also very light summer hats, from 6s. 6d. to 10s.; best livery hats, 16s.; light summer caps for fishing, shooting, or travelling; youth's hats and caps, in every variety.—PERRING, CECIL HOUSE, 85, Strand, and 251, Regent-street, two doors from Oxford-street. Copy the addresses, as there are many in the trade jealous of the patronage bestowed on these hats, who impudently pretend to manufacture the same articles.

MICROSCOPES of very superior Manufacture, power 36,000 times, well mounted, in neat Cases, at 10l. 10s., 7l. 10s., 5l. 5s., 3l. 3s., and 1l. 15s.; hand ditto, 2s. to 16s. A Catalogue of 2000 Philosophical and other Apparatus with 200 Drawings, price 6d., at JOHN WARD'S, 79, Bishopsgate Street Within, 400 yards from the Bank.

Merchants, Captains, and the Trade supplied.

ESTABLISHED FORTY YEARS.

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THE HOLBORN SIDE OF BLOOMSBURY SQUARE,

Observe! Parlour Windows—no Shop Front.

IRISH SHIRTING CLOTH made without any admixture from pure flax. Sold in any quantity. Whole pieces at the Factor's prices, cheaper than any other house, being manufactured from the best Materials. The purchase-money will be returned should any fault appear.

IRISH, ENGLISH, SCOTCH, and RUSSIA SHEETING of all Widths and Prices. Household and Table Linen, Welsh and Saxony Flannels. Families furnishing will find it much to their interest to apply at this Establishment.

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Country and Town Orders punctually attended to by JOHN DONOVAN, 4, Bloomsbury Square.

ESSENCE OF CHAMOMILE AND GINGER.

THIS preparation is a compound of two of the most valuable medicines in the vegetable kingdom. It combines the stomachic properties of the Ginger with the aromatic and bitter qualities of the Chamomile Flowers. The proprietor earnestly recommends this Essence to all those suffering as hereafter mentioned; all he asks is a fair trial, for he can assert, with the greatest confidence, that he never knew of its failure in any of the cases it is recommended for, excepting where it has been neglected to be properly persevered in, for indigestion, sensation of fulness, pain and oppression after meals, loss of appetite, whether arising from excess or want of tone and energy of the digestive organs; also for rheumatism, gout, spasms, cramps, hysterics, flatulence, in immoderate perspiration, nervous, hypochondriacal and bilious affections, heartburn, languor, general debility, or a delicate state of health, whether the result of long illness, or constitutional weakness; it is certain in affording instant relief in the most violent sick headache. Forty drops of this Essence is equal to half a pint of Chamomile Tea. Sold in bottles at 2s. 9d.; 4s. 6d.; 10s. 6d.; and 21s. each.

These Preparations are prepared only by DECIMUS WOODHOUSE, Operative Chemist Extraordinary to his late Majesty, at his Laboratory, 13, Little James Street, Bedford Row, of whom it may be had wholesale; also retail of Hooper, 43, King William Street, London Bridge; T. Butler, 4, Cheapside; Sanger, 150, Oxford Street; and of all Medicine Venders. N.B.—Be sure to ask for Woodhouse's.

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20	1	1 4	1	5 10	1	10 11	1	16 9	2	3 8
30	1	6 4	1	12 2	1	19 1	2	7 4	2	17 6
40	1	16 1	2	4 4	2	14 6	3	7 3	4	3 4
50	2	16 7	3	9 4	4	5 5	5	6 3	6	13 7

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20	1	13	7	1	18	0
25	1	18	1	2	3	0
30	2	3	8	2	9	5
35	2	10	9	2	17	5
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Ten Guineas

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DRESS CANES IN ALL THEIR VARIETIES,

From Twenty Guineas to Five Shillings each.

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TO BE EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

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(With power to add to their number.)

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25	1 0 7	1 1 7	1 2 7	1 3 7	1 4 7	1 5 7	1 6 7
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35	1 6 11	1 8 2	1 9 5	1 10 8	1 11 11	1 13 2	1 14 5
40	1 11 5	1 12 11	1 14 5	1 15 11	1 17 5	1 18 11	2 0 5
45	1 16 6	1 18 3	2 0 0	2 1 9	2 3 6	2 5 8	2 7 0
50	2 3 9	2 5 10	2 7 11	2 10 0	2 12 1	2 14 2	2 16 3





Masque in the Palace Garden of the Tower.

London, Published by Richard Bentley, 1840.



Queen Mary surprising Courtenay and the Princess Elizabeth.





George Cruikshank

Lawrence Nightgall dragging Cicely down the secret
stairs in the Salt Tower.





Queen Mary at the instance of Simon Renard affiancing herself to Philip of Spain.



NORTH VIEW OF THE SALT TOWER.

XII.—HOW EDWARD UNDERHILL, THE “HOT-GOSPELLER,” ATTEMPTED TO ASSASSINATE QUEEN MARY; AND HOW SHE WAS PRESERVED BY SIR HENRY BEDINGFELD.

AMONG those who viewed Mary's accession to the throne with the greatest dissatisfaction, was the Hot-Gospeller. Foreseeing the danger with which the Protestant church was menaced, he regarded the change of sovereigns as one of the most direful calamities that could have befallen his country. The open expression of these sentiments more than once brought him into trouble, and he was for some time placed in durance. On his liberation, he observed more caution; and though his opinions were

by no means altered, but rather strengthened, he no longer gave utterance to them.

During his imprisonment, he had pondered deeply upon the critical state of his religion; and having come to the conclusion that there was no means but one of averting the threatened storm, he determined to resort to that desperate expedient. Underhill's temporal interests had been as much affected as his spiritual, by the new government. He was dismissed from the post he had hitherto held of gentleman-pensioner; and this circumstance, though he was, perhaps, scarcely conscious of it, contributed in no slight degree to heighten his animosity against the queen. Ever brooding upon the atrocious action he was about to commit, he succeeded in persuading himself, by that pernicious process of reasoning by which religious enthusiasts so often delude themselves into the commission of crime, that it was not only justifiable, but meritorious.

Though no longer a prisoner, or employed in any office, the Hot-Gospeller still continued to linger within the Tower, judging it the fittest place for the execution of his purpose. He took up his abode in a small stone cell, once tenanted by a recluse, and situated at the back of Saint Peter's chapel, on the Green; devoting his days to prayer, and his nights to wandering, like a ghost, about the gloomiest and least-frequented parts of the fortress. He was often challenged by the sentinels,—often stopped, and conveyed to the guard-room by the patrol; but in time they became accustomed to him, and he was allowed to pursue his ramblings unmolested. By most persons he was considered deranged, and his wasted figure—for he almost denied himself the necessaries of life, confining his daily meal to a crust of bread, and a draught of water,—together with his miserable attire, confirmed the supposition.

Upon one occasion, Mary herself, who was making the rounds of the fortress, happened to notice him, and ordered him to be brought before her. A blaze of fierce delight passed over the enthusiast's face when the mandate was conveyed to him. But his countenance fell the next moment, on recollecting that he was unarmed. Bitterly reproaching himself for his want of caution, he searched his clothes. He had not even a knife about him. He then besought the halberdiers who came for him to lend him a cloak and a sword, or even a partizan, to make a decent appearance before the queen. But laughing at the request, they struck him with the poles of their weapons, and commanded him to follow them without delay.

Brought into the royal presence, he with difficulty controlled himself. And nothing but the conviction that such a step would effectually defeat his design, prevented him from pouring forth the most violent threats against the queen. As it was, he loudly lamented her adherence to the faith of Rome, entreating her to abjure it, and embrace the new and wholesome doctrines,—a

course, which he predicted, would ensure her a long and prosperous reign, whereas, a continuance in her present idolatrous creed would plunge her kingdom in discord, endanger her crown, and, perhaps, end in her own destruction.

Regarding him as a half-crazed, but harmless enthusiast, Mary paid little attention to his address, which was sufficiently wild and incoherent to warrant the conclusion that his intellects were disordered. Pitying his miserable appearance, and inquiring into his mode of life, she ordered him better apparel, and directed that he should be lodged within the palace.

Underhill would have refused her bounty, but, at a gesture from Mary, he was removed from her presence.

This interview troubled him exceedingly. He could not reconcile the queen's destruction to his conscience so easily as he had heretofore done. Despite all his reasoning to the contrary, her generosity affected him powerfully. He could not divest himself of the idea that she might yet be converted; and persuading himself that the glorious task was reserved for him, he resolved to make the attempt, before resorting to a darker mode of redress. Managing to throw himself, one day, in her way, as she was proceeding along the grand gallery, he immediately commenced a furious exhortation. But his discourse was speedily interrupted by the queen, who ordered her attendants to remove him into the court yard, and cudgel him soundly; directing that any repetition of the offence should be followed by severer chastisement. This sentence was immediately carried into effect. The Hot-Gospeller bore it without a murmur. But he internally resolved to defer no longer his meditated design.

His next consideration was how to execute it. He could not effect his purpose by poison; and any attempt at open violence would, in all probability, (as the queen was constantly guarded,) be attended by failure. He therefore determined, as the surest means, to have recourse to fire-arms. And, being an unerring marksman, he felt certain of success in this way.

Having secretly procured an arquebuss and ammunition, he now only awaited a favourable moment for the enterprise. This soon occurred. It being rumoured one night in the Tower, that the queen was about to proceed by water to Whitehall on the following morning, he determined to station himself at some point on the line of road, whence he could take deliberate aim at her. On inquiring further, he ascertained that the royal train would cross the drawbridge leading from the south of the Byward Tower to the wharf, and embark at the stairs. Being personally known to several officers of the guard, he thought he should have no difficulty in obtaining admittance to Saint Thomas's Tower, which, while it commanded the drawbridge, and was within shot, was yet sufficiently distant not to excite suspicion. Accordingly, at an early hour, on the next day, he repaired

thither, wrapped in a cloak, beneath which he carried the implement of his treasonable intent.

As he anticipated, he readily procured admission, and, under pretence of viewing the passage of the royal train, was allowed a place at a narrow loophole in the upper story of one of the western turrets. Most of the guard being required on the summit of the fortification, Underhill was left alone in the small chamber. Loud shouts, and the discharge of artillery from the ramparts of the fortress, as well as from the roofs of the different towers, proclaimed that Mary had set forth. A few embers were burning on the hearth in the chamber occupied by the enthusiast. With these he lighted his tow-match, and offering up a prayer for the success of his project, held himself in readiness for its execution.

Unconscious of the impending danger, Mary took her way towards the By-ward Tower. She was attended by a numerous retinue of nobles and gentlemen. Near her walked one of her councillors, Sir Henry Bedingsfeld, in whom she placed the utmost trust, and whose attachment to her had been often approved in the reigns of her father and brother, as well as during the late usurpation of Lady Jane Grey. Sir Henry was a grave-looking, dignified personage, somewhat stricken in years. He was attired in a robe of black velvet, of the fashion of Henry the Eighth's time, and his beard was trimmed in the same bygone mode. The venerable knight walked bare-headed, and carried a long staff, tipped with gold.

By this time, Mary had reached the gateway opening upon the scene of her intended assassination. The greater part of her train had already passed over the drawbridge, and the deafening shouts of the beholders, as well as the renewed discharges of artillery, told that the queen was preparing to follow. This latter circumstance created a difficulty, which Underhill had not foreseen. Confined by the ramparts and the external walls of the moat, the smoke from the ordnance completely obscured the view of the drawbridge. Just, however, as Mary set foot upon it, and Underhill had abandoned the attempt in despair, a gust of wind suddenly dispersed the vapour. Conceiving this a special interposition of Providence in his favour, who had thus placed his royal victim in his hands, the Hot-Gospeller applied the match to the arquebuss, and the discharge instantly followed.

The queen's life, however, was miraculously preserved. Sir Henry Bedingsfeld, who was walking a few paces behind her, happening to cast his eye in the direction of Traitor's Tower, perceived the barrel of an arquebuss thrust from a loop-hole in one of the turrets, and pointed towards her. Struck with the idea that some injury might be intended her, he sprang forward, and interposing his own person between the queen and the discharge, drew her forcibly backwards. The movement saved her. The ball passed through the knight's mantle, but without harming him further than ruffling the skin of his shoulder;

proving by the course it took, that, but for his presence of mind, its fatal effect must have been certain.

All this was the work of an instant. Undismayed by the occurrence, Mary, who inherited all her father's intrepidity, looked calmly round, and pressing Bedingfeld's arm in grateful acknowledgment of the service he had rendered her, issued her commands that the assassin should be secured, strictly examined, and, if need be, questioned on the rack. She then proceeded to the place of embarkation as deliberately as if nothing had happened. Pausing before she entered the barge, she thus addressed her preserver:—

"Sir Henry Bedingfeld, you have ever been my loyal servant. You were the first, during the late usurpation, to draw the sword in my defence—the first to raise troops for me—to join me at Framlingham—to proclaim me at Norwich. But you have thrown all these services into the shade by your last act of devotion. I owe my life to you. What can I do to evince my gratitude?"

"You have already done more than enough in thus acknowledging it, gracious madam," replied Sir Henry; "nor can I claim any merit for the action. Placed in my situation, I am assured there is not one of your subjects, except the miscreant who assailed you, who would not have acted in the same manner. I have done nothing, and deserve nothing."

"Not so, sir," returned Mary. "Most of my subjects, I believe, share your loyalty. But this does not lessen your desert. I should be wanting in all gratitude were I to let the service you have rendered me pass unrequited. And since you refuse to tell me how I can best reward you, I must take upon myself to judge for you. The custody of our person and of our fortress shall be entrusted to your care. Neither can be confided to worthier hands. Sir John Gage shall receive another appointment. Henceforth, you are Lieutenant of the Tower."

This gracious act was followed by the acclamations of the bystanders; and the air resounded with cries of "God save Queen Mary!—a Bedingfeld!—a Bedingfeld!"

"Your majesty has laid an onerous duty upon me, but I will endeavour to discharge it to your satisfaction," replied Sir Henry, bending the knee, and pressing her hand devotedly to his lips. And amid the increased acclamations of the multitude, Mary entered her barge.

Edward Underhill, meanwhile, whose atrocious purpose had been thus providentially defeated, on perceiving that his royal victim had escaped, uttered an ejaculation of rage and disappointment, flung down the arquebuss, and folding his arms upon his bosom, awaited the result. Fortunately, an officer accompanied the soldiers who seized him, or they would have hewn him in pieces.

The wretched man made no attempt to fly, or to defend

himself, but when the soldiers rushed into the room, cried, "Go no further. I am he you seek."

"We know it, accursed villain," rejoined the foremost of their number, brandishing a sword over his head. "You have slain the queen."

"Would I had!" rejoined Underhill. "But it is not the truth. The Lord was not willing I should be the instrument of his vengeance."

"Hear the blasphemer!" roared another soldier, dealing him a blow in the mouth with the pommel of his dagger, that made the blood gush from his lips. "He boasts of the villany he has committed."

"If my arm had not been stayed, I had delivered the land from idolatry and oppression," returned Underhill. "A season of terrible persecution is at hand, when you will lament as much as I do, that my design has been frustrated. The blood of the righteous would have been spared; the fagots at the stake unlighted; the groans of the martyrs unheard. But it is the Lord's will that this should be. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

"Silence, hell-dog!" vociferated a third soldier, placing the point of his halbert at his breast. "Dost think Heaven would approve the foul deed thou meditatedst? Silence! I say, or I will drive my pike to thy heart."

"I will *not* be silent," rejoined Underhill, firmly. "So long as breath is left me, I will denounce the idolatrous queen by whom this unhappy land is governed, and pray that the crown may be removed from her head."

"Rather than thou shalt do so in my hearing, I will pluck out thy traitorous tongue by the roots," returned the soldier who had last spoken.

"Peace," interposed the officer. "Secure him, but harm him not. He may have confederates. It is important that all concerned in this atrocious attempt should be discovered."

"I have no accomplice," replied Underhill. "My own heart dictated what my hand essayed."

"May that hand perish in everlasting fire for the deed!" rejoined the officer. "But if there be power in torture to make you confess who set you on, it shall not be left untried."

"I have already spoken the truth," replied the enthusiast; "and the sharpest engine ever devised by ruthless man shall not make me gainsay it, or accuse the innocent. I would not have shared the glory of the action with any one. And since it has failed, my life alone shall pay the penalty."

"Gag him," cried the officer. "If I listen longer, I shall be tempted to anticipate the course of justice, and I would not one pang should be spared him."

The command was obeyed. On searching him, they found a small powder-flask, a few bullets, notched, to make the wound they inflicted more dangerous, a clasp-knife, and a bible, in the

first leaf of which was written a prayer for the deliverance and restoration of Queen Jane,—a circumstance afterwards extremely prejudicial to that unfortunate lady.

After Underhill had been detained for some hours in the chamber where he was seized, an order arrived to carry him before the council. Brought before them, he answered all their interrogations firmly, confessed his design, related how he had planned it, and denied as before, with the strongest asseverations, that he had any accomplice. When questioned as to the prayer for Lady Jane Grey, whom he treasonably designated "Queen Jane," he answered that he should ever regard her as the rightful sovereign, and should pray with his latest breath for her restoration to the throne—a reply, which awakened a suspicion that some conspiracy was in agitation in Jane's favour. Nothing further, however, could be elicited, and he was ordered to be put to the rack.

Delivered by the guard to Lawrence Nightgall and his assistants, he was conveyed to the torture-chamber. The sight of the dreadful instruments there collected, though enough to appal the stoutest breast, appeared to have no terror for him. Scrutinizing the various engines with a look of curiosity, he remarked that none of them seemed to have been recently used; and added, that they would soon be more frequently employed. He had not been there many minutes, when Manger, the headsman, Wolfytt, the sworn tormentor, and Sorrocold the chirurgeon, arrived, and preparations were made for administering the torture.

The rack has already been described as a large oaken frame, raised about three feet from the ground, having a roller at each end, moved by a lever. Stripped, and placed on his back on the ground, the prisoner was attached by strong cords to the rollers. Stationing themselves at either extremity of the frame, Manger and Wolfytt each seized a lever, while Nightgall took up his position at the small table opposite, to propose the interrogations, and write down the answers. The chirurgeon remained near the prisoner, and placed his hand upon his wrist. Those preparations made, Nightgall demanded, in a stern tone, whether the prisoner would confess who had instigated him to the crime he had committed.

"I have already said I have no accomplices," replied Underhill.

Nightgall made a sign to the assistants, and the rollers were turned with a creaking sound, extending the prisoner's limbs in opposite directions, and giving him exquisite pain. But he did not even groan.

After the lapse of a few moments, Nightgall said, "Edward Underhill, I again ask you who were your accomplices?"

No answer being returned, the jailor waved his hand, and the levers were again turned. The sharpness of the torture forced

an involuntary cry from the prisoner. But beyond this expression of suffering, he continued silent.

The interrogation was a third time repeated; and after some effort on the part of the assistants, the levers were again turned. Nightgall and the chirurgeon both watched this part of the application with some curiosity. The strain upon the limbs was almost intolerable. The joints started from their sockets, and the sinews were drawn out to their utmost capability of tension.

After the wretched man had endured this for a few minutes, Sorrocold informed Nightgall, in a low tone, that nature was failing. The cords were then gradually relaxed, and he was unbound. His temples being bathed with vinegar, he soon afterwards revived.

But he was only recovered from one torture to undergo another. The next step taken by his tormentors was to place him in a suit of irons, called the Scavenger's Daughter—a hideous engine devised by Sir William Skevington, lieutenant of the Tower, in Henry the Eighth's reign, and afterwards corrupted into the name above mentioned. By this horrible machine, which was shaped like a hoop, his limbs were compressed so closely together that he resembled a ball; and being conveyed to an adjoining dungeon, he was left in this state without light or food for further examination.

XIII.—HOW MAGOG NEARLY LOST HIS SUPPER; HOW HIS BEARD WAS BURNT; HOW XIT WAS PLACED IN A BASKET; AND HOW HE WAS KICKED UPON THE RAMPARTS.

CONGRATULATIONS, rejoicings, and public thanksgivings followed the queen's preservation from the hand of the assassin. Courtenay, who had long planned a masque to be exhibited for her amusement within the Tower, thought this a fitting occasion to produce it. And the utmost expedition being used, on the day but one after Underhill's attempt, all was in readiness.

Great mystery having been observed in the preparations for the pageant, that it might come upon the spectators as a surprise, none, except those actually concerned in it, knew what was intended to be represented. Even the actors, themselves, were kept in darkness concerning it, and it was only on the night before, when their dresses were given them, that they had any precise notion of the characters they were to assume. A sort of rehearsal then took place in one of the lower chambers of the palace; at which the Earl of Devonshire assisted in person, and instructed them in their parts. A few trials soon made all perfect, and when the rehearsal was over, Courtenay felt satisfied that the pageant would go off with tolerable éclat.

As may be supposed, the three gigantic warders and their diminutive follower were among the mummers. Indeed, the

principal parts were assigned them ; and on no previous occasion had Xit's characteristic coxcombry been more strongly called forth than during the rehearsal. No consequential actor of modern times could give himself more airs. Perceiving he was indispensable, he would only do exactly what pleased him, and, when reprimanded for his impertinence, refused to perform at all, and was about to walk off with an air of offended dignity. A few conciliatory words, however, from the Earl of Devonshire induced him to return ; and when all was arranged to his satisfaction, he began to exhibit a fun and humour that bid fair to outshine all his competitors.

The rehearsal over, a substantial repast was provided by the earl for his troop. And here, as usual, the giants acquitted themselves to admiration. Unfortunately, however, for Magog, his spouse was present, and his dull apprehension of his part at the rehearsal, having excited her displeasure, she now visited it upon his devoted head. Whenever he helped himself to a piece of meat, or a capon, she snatched it from his plate, and transferred it to those of his brethren.

Supper was nearly over, and the hen-pecked giant, who as yet had tasted nothing, was casting wistful glances at the fast-vanishing dishes, when Dame Placida arose, and saying she was greatly fatigued, expressed her determination to return home immediately. In vain Magog remonstrated. She was firm, and her hapless spouse was arising with a most rueful countenance to accompany her, when Ribald very obligingly offered to take his place and escort her. Dame Placida appeared nothing loth, and Magog, having eagerly embraced the proposal, the pair departed.

"And now brother," said Gog, "you can do as you please. Make up for lost time."

"Doubt it not," replied Magog, "and by way of commencing, I will trouble you for that sirloin of beef. Send me the dish and the carving-knife, I pray you, for with this puny bit of steel I can make no progress at all."

His request was immediately complied with, and it was pleasant to behold with what inconceivable rapidity slice after slice disappeared. In a brief space, a few bare bones were all that remained of the once-lordly joint. Magog's brethren watched his progress with truly fraternal interest. Their own appetites being satisfied, they had full leisure to minister to his wants ; and most sedulously did they attend to them. A brisket of veal, steeped in verjuice, supplied the place of the sirloin, and a hare-pie, in due season, that of the veal.

Magog acknowledged these attentions with grateful murmurings. He was too busy to speak. When the hare-pie, which was of a somewhat savoury character, was entirely consumed, he paused for a moment, and pointed significantly to a large measure of wine at some little distance from him. Og immediately

stretched out his arm, and handed it to him. Nodding to his brother, the married giant drained its contents at a draught, and then applied himself with new ardour to the various dishes with which his plate was successively laden.

"What would your wife say, if she could see you now?" observed Peter Trusbut, who sat opposite to him, and witnessed his proceedings with singular satisfaction.

"Don't mention her," rejoined Magog, bolting a couple of cheesecakes which he had crammed, at the same time, into his capacious mouth; "don't mention her, or you will take away my appetite."

"No fear of that," laughed the pantler; "but what say you to a glass of distilled waters? It will be a good wind-up to your meal, and aid digestion."

"With all my heart," rejoined the giant.

The pantler then handed him a stone bottle, holding perhaps a quart, and knowing his propensities, thought it needful to caution him as to the strength of the liquid. Disregarding the hint, Magog emptied the greater part of the spirit into a flagon, and tossed it off, as if it had been water. Peter Trusbut held up his hands in amazement, and expected to see the giant drop senseless under the table. But no such event followed. The only consequence of the potent draught being that it brought the water into his eyes, and made him gasp a little to recover his breath.

"How do you feel after it, brother?" inquired Og, slapping him on the shoulder.

"So valiant," hiccupped Magog, "that I think when I get home, I shall assert my proper position as a lord of the creation."

"Act up to that resolution, Master Magog," observed the pantler, laughing, "and I shall not think my liquor thrown away."

"If such be its effect," said Xit, who, it has before been remarked, had an unconquerable tendency to imitate, and, if possible, exceed the extravagancies of his companions, "I will e'en try a drop of it myself."

And before he could be prevented, the mannikin applied the stone bottle to his lips, and drained it to the last drop. If Magog's brain was sufficiently stolid to resist the effect of the fiery liquid, Xit's was not. Intoxication speedily displayed itself in the additional brilliancy of his keen sparkling little orbs, and in all his gestures. At first, his antics created much diversion, and he was allowed to indulge them freely; but before long he became so outrageous and mischievous, that it was found necessary to restrain him. Springing upon the table, he cut the most extraordinary capers among the dishes, breaking several of them, upsetting the flagons and pots of wine, tweaking the noses of the male guests, kissing the females, and committing a hundred other monkey tricks.

On being called to order, he snapped his fingers in the face of

the reprovcr, and conceiving himself especially affronted by Gog, he threw a goblet at his head. Luckily, the missile was caught before it reached its mark. He next seized a torch, and perceiving that Magog had fallen asleep, set fire to his beard, to arouse him. Starting to his feet, the giant clapped his hand to his chin—too late however, to save a particle of his hirsute honours. His rage was terrific. Roaring like a wild bull, he vowed he would be the death of the offender; and would have kept his word, if it had not been for his brethren, who, seizing each an arm, restrained him by main strength, and forced him into his seat, where, after a few minutes, his anger gave way to laughter.

This was mainly attributable to an accident that befel Xit in his hurry to escape. Not being particular where he set his feet, the dwarf plumped into an open plum tart, the syrup of which was so thick and glutinous that it detained him as effectually as birdlime. In his terror, he dragged the dish after him to a considerable distance, and his grimaces were so irresistibly ludicrous that they convulsed the beholders with laughter. No one attempted to assist him, and it was only by the loss of both shoes that he could extricate himself from his unpleasant situation. Peter Trusbut then seized him, and thrusting him into a basket, fastened down the lid to prevent further mischief.

This occurrence served as the signal for separation. Og and Gog took their way to the By-ward Tower, the latter carrying the basket containing Xit under his arm, while Magog, bemoaning the loss of his beard, and afraid of presenting himself to his wife under such untoward circumstances, accompanied them as far as the gateway of the Bloody Tower. Here he paused to say good night.

"Would I could anticipate a good night, myself!" he groaned "But I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep in comfort now. Ah! brothers, if I had but listened to your advice! But repentance comes too late."

"It does—it does," replied Gog; "But let us hope your dame will amend."

"That she never will," screamed Xit from the basket. "What a lucky escape I had—ha! ha!"

"Peace! thou stinging gadfly," roared Magog. "Am I ever to be tormented by thee!"

But as Xit, who imagined himself secure, only laughed the louder, he grew at last so enraged, that snatching the basket from Og, he placed it on the ground, and gave it such a kick, that it flew to the top of the ramparts beyond Traitor's Tower, where it was picked up by a sentinel, and the dwarf taken out more dead than alive.

On reaching his habitation—which was the same Dame Placida had formerly occupied during her state of widowhood, at the right of the road leading from the Bloody Tower to the Green,—Magog found she had not retired to rest as he expected, but

was engaged in conversation with Ribald, who had been prevailed upon to remain for a few minutes to taste the ale for which she was so much, and so justly, celebrated. One cup had led to another, and the jovial warder seemed in no hurry to depart. The giant was delighted to see him, and, forgetting his misfortune, was about to shake him heartily by the hand, when his wife screamed out—"Why Magog, what is the matter with your chin? You have lost your beard!"

Humbly deprecating her resentment, the giant endeavoured to explain. But as nothing would satisfy her, he was fain to leave her with Ribald, and betake himself to his couch, where he speedily fell asleep, and forgot his troubles.

XIV.—OF THE MASQUE GIVEN BY COURTENAY IN HONOUR OF QUEEN MARY; AND HOW XIT WAS SWALLOWED BY A SEA-MONSTER.

DURING the early part of the next day, the majority of the inmates of the Tower were on the tiptoe of expectation for the coming pageant, which was fixed to take place in the evening in the large court lying eastward of that wing of the palace, denominated the Queen's Lodgings. The great hall, used on the previous night for the rehearsal, was allotted as a dressing-room to those engaged in the performance, and thither they repaired a few hours before the entertainment commenced.

As the day declined, multitudes flocked to the court, and stationed themselves within the barriers, which had been erected to keep off the crowd. In addition to these defences, a warder was stationed at every ten paces, and a large band of halberdiers was likewise in attendance to maintain order. Banners were suspended from the battlements of the four towers flanking the corners of the court,—namely, the Salt Tower, the Lanthorn Tower, the Wardrobe Tower, and the Broad Arrow Tower. The summits of these fortifications were covered with spectators, as were the eastern ramparts, and the White Tower. Such windows of the palace as overlooked the scene, were likewise thronged.

At the southern extremity of the court, stretching from the Lanthorn Tower to the Salt Tower, stood a terrace, raised a few feet above the level of the inclosure, and protected by a low-arched balustrade of stone. This was set apart for the Queen, and beneath a mulberry-tree, amid the branches of which a canopy of crimson velvet was disposed, her chair was placed.

About six o'clock, when every inch of standing-room was occupied, and expectation raised to its highest pitch, a door in the palace leading to the terrace was thrown open, and the Queen issued from it. Stunning vociferations welcomed her, and these were followed, or rather accompanied, by a prolonged flourish of trumpets. It was a moment of great excitement, and many

a heart beat high at the joyous sounds. Every eye was directed towards Mary, who bowing repeatedly in acknowledgment of her enthusiastic reception, was saluted with—"God save your highness! Confusion to your enemies! Death to all traitors!" and other exclamations referring to her late providential deliverance.

The Queen was attired in a rich gown of raised cloth of gold. A partlet, decorated with precious stones, surrounded her throat, and her stomacher literally blazed with diamonds. Upon her head she wore a caul of gold, and over it, at the back, a round cap, embroidered with orient pearls. In front, she wore a cornet of black velvet, likewise embroidered with pearls. A couple of beautiful Italian greyhounds, confined by a silken leash, accompanied her. She was in excellent spirits, and, whether excited by the promised spectacle, or by some secret cause, appeared unusually animated. Many of the beholders, dazzled by her gorgeous attire, and struck by her sprightly air, thought her positively beautiful. Smilingly acknowledging the greetings of her subjects, she gave her hand to the Earl of Devonshire, and was conducted by him to the seat beneath the mulberry-tree.

They were followed by a numerous train of dames and nobles, foremost among whom came Sir Henry Bedingfeld,—who as lieutenant of the Tower, claimed the right of standing behind the royal chair. Next to the knight stood the Princess Elizabeth, who viewed with the bitterest jealousy the devoted attention paid by Courtenay to her sister; and, next to the princess, stood Jane the Fool. Simon Renard also was among the crowd. But he kept aloof, resolved not to show himself, unless occasion required it.

As soon as the Queen was seated, another flourish of trumpets was blown, and from the great gates at the further end of the court issued a crowd of persons clothed in the skins of wild animals, dragging an immense machine, painted to resemble a rocky island. On reaching the centre of the inclosure, the topmost rock burst open, and discovered a beautiful female seated upon a throne, with a crown on her head, and a sceptre in her hand. While the spectators expressed their admiration of her beauty by loud plaudits, another rock opened, and discovered a fiendish-looking figure, armed with a strangely-formed musket, which he levelled at the mimic sovereign. A cry of horror pervaded the assemblage, but at that moment another rock burst asunder, and a fairy arose, who placed a silver shield between the Queen and the assassin; while a gauze drapery, wafted from beneath, enveloped them in its folds.

At the appearance of the fairy, the musket fell from the assassin's grasp. Uttering a loud cry, a troop of demons issued from below, and seizing him with their talons bore him out of sight. The benignant fairy then waved her sword; the gauzy

drapery dropped to her feet ; and four other female figures arose, representing Peace, Plenty, Justice, and Clemency. These figures ranged themselves round the Queen, and the fairy addressed her in a speech, telling her that these were her attributes ;—that she had already won her people's hearts, and ended by promising her a long and prosperous reign. Each word, that applied to Mary, was followed by a cheer from the bystanders, and when it was ended, the applauses were deafening. The mimic queen then arose, and taking off her crown, tendered it to the real sovereign. The four attributes likewise extended their arms towards her, and told her they belonged to her. And while the group was in this position, the machine was borne away.

Fresh flourishes of trumpets succeeded ; and several lively airs were played by bands of minstrels stationed at different points of the court-yard.

A wild and tumultuous din was now heard ; and the gates being again thrown open, forth rushed a legion of the most grotesque and fantastic figures ever beheld. Some were habited as huge, open-jawed sea-monsters ; others as dragons, gorgons, and hydras ; others, as satyrs and harpies ; others, as gnomes and salamanders. Some had large hideous masks, making them look all head,—some monstrous wings,—some long coiled tails, like serpents :—many were mounted on hobby-horses, — and all whose garbs would permit them, were armed with staves, flails, or other indescribable weapons.

When this multitudinous and confused assemblage had nearly filled the inclosure, loud roarings were heard, and from the gateway marched Gog and Magog, arrayed like their gigantic namesakes of Guildhall. A long artificial beard, of a blue tint, supplied the loss which Magog's singed chin had sustained. His head was bound with a wreath of laurel leaves. Gog's helmet precisely resembled that worn by his namesake, and he carried a curiously-formed shield, charged with the device of a black eagle, like that with which the wooden statue is furnished. Magog was armed with a long staff, to which a pudding-net, stuffed with wool, was attached ; while Gog bore a long lathen spear. The appearance of the giants was hailed with a general roar of delight. But the laughter and applauses were increased by what followed.

Once more opened to their widest extent, the great gates admitted what, at first, appeared to be a moving fortification. From its sides projected two enormous arms, each sustaining a formidable club. At the summit stood a smaller turret, within which, encircled by a wreath of roses and other flowers, decorated with silken pennoncelles, sat Xit, his pigmy person clothed in tight silk fleshings. Glittering wings fluttered on his shoulders, and he was armed with the weapons of the Paphian God. The tower, which, with its decorations, was more than twenty feet high, was

composed of basket-work, covered with canvass, painted to resemble a round embattled structure. It was tenanted by Og, who moved about in it with the greatest ease. A loophole in front enabled him to see what was going forward, and he marched slowly towards the centre of the inclosure. An edging of loose canvass, painted like a rocky foundation, concealed his feet. The effect of this moving fortress was highly diverting, and elicited shouts of laughter and applause from the beholders.

"That device," observed Courtenay to the queen, "represents a tower of strength—or rather, I should say, the Tower of London. It is about to be attacked by the rabble rout of rebellion, and, I trust, will be able to make good its defence against them."

"I hope so," replied Mary, smiling. "I should be grieved to think that my good Tower yielded to such assailants. But who is that I perceive? Surely, it is Cupid?"

"Love is at present an inhabitant of the Tower," replied Courtenay, with a passionate look.

Raising his eyes, the next moment, he perceived Elizabeth behind Sir Henry Bedingfeld. She turned from him with a look of reproach.

A seasonable interruption to his thoughts was offered by the tumultuous cry arising from the mummers. Gog and Magog having placed themselves on either side of the Tower as its defenders, the assault commenced. The object of the assailants was to overthrow the fortress. With this view, they advanced against it from all quarters, thrusting one another forward, and hurling their weapons against it. This furious attack was repelled by the two giants, who drove them back as fast as they advanced, hurling some head over heels, trampling others under foot, and exhibiting extraordinary feats of strength and activity. The Tower, itself, was not behind-hand in resistance. Its two arms moved about like the sails of a windmill, dealing tremendous blows.

The conflict afforded the greatest amusement to the beholders; but while the fortress and its defenders maintained their ground against all the assailants, there was one person who began to find his position somewhat uncomfortable. This was Xit. So long as Og contented himself with keeping off his enemies, the dwarf was delighted with his elevated situation, and looked round with a smile of delight. But when the giant, animated by the sport, began to attack in his turn, the fabric in which he was encased swayed to and fro so violently, that Xit expected every moment to be precipitated to the ground. In vain he attempted to communicate his fears to Og. The giant was unconscious of his danger, and the din and confusion around them was so great, that neither Gog nor Magog could hear his outcries. As a last resource, he tried to creep into the turret, but this he found impracticable.

"The god of love appears in a perilous position, my lord," observed the queen, joining in the laughter of the spectators.

"He does, indeed," replied Courtenay; "and though the Tower may defend itself, I fear its chief treasure will be lost in the struggle."

"You speak the truth, my lord," remarked the deep voice of Simon Renard, from behind.

If Courtenay intended any reply to this observation of his mortal foe, it was prevented by an incident which at that moment occurred. Combining their forces, the rabble rout of dragons, gorgons, imps, and demons had made a desperate assault upon the Tower. Og whirled around his clubs with increased rapidity, and dozens were prostrated by their sweep. Gog and Magog likewise plied their weapons vigorously, and the assailants were driven back completely discomfited.

But, unluckily, at this moment, Og made a rush forward to complete his conquest, and in so doing pitched Xit out of the turret. Falling head-foremost into the yawning jaws of an enormous goggle-eyed sea-monster, whose mouth seemed purposely opened to receive him, and being moved by springs, immediately closed, the dwarf entirely disappeared. A scream of delight arose from the spectators, who looked upon the occurrence as part of the pageant.

The queen laughed heartily at Xit's mischance, and even Courtenay, though discomposed by the accident, could not help joining in the universal merriment.

"I might take it as an evil omen," he remarked in an under tone to Mary, "that love should be destroyed by your majesty's enemies."

"See! he re-appears," cried the queen, calling the earl's attention to the monster, whose jaws opened and discovered the dwarf. "He has sustained no injury."

Xit's disaster, meanwhile, had occasioned a sudden suspension of hostilities among the combatants. All the mummers set up a shout of laughter, and the echoing of sound produced by their masks was almost unearthly. Gog and Magog, grinning from ear to ear, now approached the dwarf, and offered to restore him to his turret. But he positively refused to stir, and commanded the monster, in whose jaws he was seated, to carry him to the queen. After a little parley, the order was obeyed; and the huge pasteboard monster, which was guided within-side by a couple of men, wheeled round, and dragged its scaly length towards the terrace.

Arrived opposite the royal seat, the mimic Cupid sprang out of the monster's jaws, and fluttering his gauzy wings (which were a little the worse for his recent descent) to give himself the appearance of flying, ran nimbly up the side of the terrace, and vaulted upon the balustrade in front of her majesty. He had still possession of his bow and arrows, and poising himself with con-

siderable grace on the point of his left foot, fitted a silver shaft to the string, and aimed it at the queen.

"Your highness is again threatened," observed Sir Henry Bedingfeld, advancing and receiving the arrow, which, winged with but little force, dropped harmlessly from his robe.

"You are ever faithful, Sir Henry," observed Mary, to the knight, whose zeal in this instance occasioned a smile among the attendants; "but we have little fear from the darts of Cupid."

Xit, meanwhile, had fitted another arrow, and drawing it with greater force, struck Courtenay on the breast. Not content with this, the mischievous urchin let fly a third shaft at the Princess Elizabeth, who had advanced somewhat nearer the queen, and the arrow chancing to stick to some of the ornaments on her stomacher, appeared to have actually pierced her bosom. Elizabeth coloured deeply as she plucked the dart from her side, and threw it angrily to the ground. A cloud gathered on the queen's brow, and Courtenay was visibly disconcerted.

Xit, however, either unconscious of the trouble he had occasioned, or utterly heedless of it, took a fourth arrow from his quiver, and affecting to sharpen its point upon the stone balustrade, shot it against Jane the Fool. This last shaft likewise hit its mark, though Jane endeavoured to ward it off with her marotte; and Xit completed the absurdity of the scene by fluttering towards her, and seizing her hand, pressed it to his lips,—a piece of gallantry for which he was rewarded by a sound cuff on the ears.

"Nay, mistress," cried Xit, "that is scarcely fair. Love and Folly were well matched."

"If Love mate with Folly, he must expect to be thus treated," replied Jane.

"Nay, then, I will bestow my favours on the wisest woman I can find," replied Xit.

"There thou wilt fail again," cried Jane; "for every wise woman will shun thee."

"A truce to thy rejoinders, sweetheart," returned Xit. "Thy wit is as keen as my arrows, and as sure to hit the mark."

"My wit resembles thy godship's arrows in one particular only," retorted Jane. "It strikes deepest where it is most carelessly aimed. But, hie away! Thou wilt find Love no match for Folly."

"So I perceive," replied Xit, "and shall therefore proceed to Beauty. I must have been blinder than poets feign, to have come near thee at all. In my pursuit of Folly, I have forgot the real business of Love. But thus it is ever with me and my minions!"

With this, he fluttered towards the queen, and prostrating himself before her, said—"Your majesty will not banish Love from your court?"

"Assuredly not," replied Mary; "or if we did banish thee, thou wouldst be sure to find some secret entrance."

"Your majesty is in the right," replied the mimic deity, "I

should. And disdain not this caution from Cupid. As long as you keep my two companions, Jealousy and Malice, at a distance, Love will appear in his own rosy hues. But the moment you admit them, he will change his colours, and become a tormentor."

"But if thou distributest thy shafts at random, so that lovers dote on more than one object, how am I to exclude Jealousy?" asked the queen.

"By cultivating self-esteem," replied Cupid. "The heart I have wounded for your highness can never feel disloyalty."

"That is true, thou imp," observed Courtenay; "and for that speech, I forgive thee the mischief thou hast done."

"And so thou assurest me against infidelity?" said Mary.

"Your highness may be as inconstant as you please," replied Cupid, "since the dart I aimed at you has been turned aside by Sir Henry Bedingfeld. But rest easy. He who loves you can love no other."

"I am well satisfied," replied Mary, with a gratified look. "And since I have thy permission to love whom I please, I shall avail myself largely of it, and give all my heart to my subjects."

"Not *all* your heart, my gracious mistress," said Courtenay, in a tender whisper.

At this juncture, Xit, watching his opportunity, drew an arrow from his quiver, and touched the queen with it near the heart.

"I have hit your majesty at last, as well as the Earl of Devonshire," he cried gleefully. "Shall I summon my brother Hymen to your assistance? He is among the crowd below."

A half-suppressed smile among the royal attendants followed this daring remark.

"That knave's audacity encourages me to hope, gracious madam," whispered Courtenay, "that this moment may be the proudest—the happiest of my life."

"No more of this—at least not now, my lord," replied Mary, whose notions of decorum were somewhat scandalised at this public declaration. "Dismiss this imp. He draws too many eyes upon us."

"I have a set of verses to recite to your majesty," interposed Xit, whose quick ears caught the remark, and who was in no hurry to leave the royal presence.

"Not now," rejoined Mary, rising. "Fear nothing, thou merry urchin. We will take care Love meets its desert. We thank you, my lord," she added, turning to Courtenay, "for the pleasant pastime you have afforded us."

As the queen arose, loud and reiterated shouts resounded from the spectators, in which all the mummers joined. Amid these acclamations she returned to the palace. Courtenay again tendered her his hand, and the slight pressure which he hazarded was sensibly returned.

Just as she was about to enter the window, Mary turned round to bow for the last time to the assemblage, when there arose a universal cry—"Long live Queen Mary!—Long live the Earl of Devonshire!"

Mary smiled. Her bosom palpitated with pleasure, and she observed to her lover—"You are the people's favourite, my lord. I should not deserve to be their queen if I did not share in their affection."

"May I then hope?" asked the Earl, eagerly.

"You may," replied Mary, softly.

The brilliant vision which these words raised before Courtenay's eyes, was dispersed by a look which he at that moment received from Elizabeth.

The festivities in the court did not terminate with the departure of the royal train. Xit was replaced in the turret, whence he aimed his darts at the prettiest damsels he could perceive, creating infinite merriment among the crowd. An immense ring was then formed by all the mummers, who danced round the three giants, the minstrels accompanying the measure with appropriate strains. Nothing more grotesque can be imagined than the figures of Gog and Magog, as engaged in the dance, in their uncouth garbs. As to Og, he flourished his clubs, and twirled himself round with great rapidity in the opposite direction to the round of dancers, until at last, becoming giddy, he lost his balance, and fell with a tremendous crash, upsetting Xit for the second time.

Ever destined to accidents, the dwarf, from his diminutive stature, seldom sustained any injury, and upon this occasion, though a good deal terrified, he escaped unhurt. Og was speedily uncased, and, glad to be set at liberty, joined the ring of dancers, and footed it with as much glee as the merriest of them.

As the evening advanced, fire-works were discharged, and a daring rope-dancer, called Peter the Dutchman, ascended the cupola of the south-east turret of the White Tower, and got upon the vane, where he lighted a couple of torches. After standing for some time, now upon one foot—now on the other, he kindled a firework placed in a sort of helmet on his head, and descended amid a shower of sparks by a rope, one end of which was fastened in the court where the masquers were assembled. A substantial supper, of which the mummers and their friends partook, concluded the diversions of the evening, and all departed well satisfied with their entertainment.

XV.—BY WHOSE INSTRUMENTALITY QUEEN MARY BECAME CONVINCED OF COURTENAY'S INCONSTANCY; AND HOW SHE AFFIANCED HERSELF TO PHILIP OF SPAIN.

WHILE the festivities above described occurred without the palace, within, all was confusion and alarm. The look, which Elizabeth had given Courtenay, sank into his very soul. All his future greatness appeared valueless in his eyes, and his only

desire was to break off the alliance with Mary, and reinstate himself in the affections of her sister. For the queen, it is almost needless to say, he felt no real love. But he was passionately enamoured of Elizabeth, whose charms had completely captivated him.

As soon as she could consistently do so, after her return to the palace, the princess retired to her own apartments, and though her departure afforded some relief to the earl, he still continued in a state of great perturbation. Noticing his altered manner, the queen inquired the cause with great solicitude. Courtenay answered her evasively. And putting her own construction upon it, she said in a tone of encouragement—"It was a strange remark made by the little urchin who enacted Cupid. Was he tutored in his speech?"

"Not by me, gracious madam," replied Courtenay, distractedly.

"Then the knave hath a ready wit," returned the queen. "He has put thoughts into my head which I cannot banish thence."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the earl. "I trust his boldness has not offended you."

"Do I look so?" rejoined Mary, smiling. "If I do, my countenance belies my feelings. No, Courtenay, I have been thinking that no woman can govern a great kingdom, like mine, unaided. She must have some one, to whom she can ever apply for guidance and protection,—some one to whom she can open her whole heart,—to whom she can look for counsel, consolation, love. In whom could she find all this?"

"In no one but a husband, gracious madam," replied Courtenay, who felt he could no longer affect to misunderstand her.

"You are right, my lord," she replied playfully. "Can you not assist our choice?"

"If I dared"—said Courtenay, who felt he was standing upon the verge of a precipice.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Mary. "A queen must ever play the wooer. It is part of her prerogative. Our choice is already made—so we need not consult you on the subject."

"May I not ask whom your majesty has so far distinguished?" demanded the earl, trembling.

"You shall learn anon, my lord," replied the queen. "We choose to keep you a short time in suspense, for here comes Simon Renard, and we do not intend to admit him to our confidence."

"That man is ever in my path," muttered the earl, returning the ambassador's stern glance with one equally menacing. "I am half reconciled to this hateful alliance by the thought of the mortification it will inflict upon him."

It would almost seem from Renard's looks, that he could read what was passing in the other's breast; for his brow grew each instant more lowering.

"I must quit your majesty for a moment," observed Courtenay, "to see to the masquers. Besides, my presence might be a restraint to your counsellor. He shall not want an opportunity to utter his calumnies behind my back."

Renard smiled bitterly.

"Farewell, my lord," said the queen, giving him her hand to kiss. "When you return, you shall have your answer."

"It is the last time his lips shall touch that hand," muttered Renard, as the earl departed.

On quitting the royal presence, Courtenay wandered in a state of the utmost disquietude to the terrace. He gazed vacantly at the masquers, and tried to divert his thoughts with their sports; but in vain. He could not free himself from the idea of Elizabeth. He had now reached the utmost height of his ambition. He was all but affianced to the queen, and he doubted not that a few hours—perhaps moments—would decide his fate. His bosom was torn with conflicting emotions. On one side stood power, with all its temptations—on the other passion, fierce, irrepressible passion. The struggle was almost intolerable.

After debating with himself for some time, he determined to seek one last interview with Elizabeth, before he finally committed himself to the queen, vainly imagining it would calm his agitation. But, like most men under the influence of desperate emotion, he acted from impulse, rather than reflection. The resolution was no sooner formed, than acted upon. Learning that the Princess was in her chamber, he proceeded thither, and found her alone.

Elizabeth was seated in a small room, partially hung with arras, and over the chair she occupied, were placed the portraits of her sire, Henry the Eighth, and two of his wives, Anne Boleyn and Catharine of Arragon. Greatly surprised by the earl's visit, she immediately arose, and in an authoritative tone commanded him to withdraw.

"How is this?" she cried. "Are you not content with what you have already done, but must add insult to perfidy?"

"Hear me, Elizabeth," said Courtenay, advancing towards her, and throwing himself on his knee. "I am come to implore your forgiveness."

"You have my compassion, my lord," rejoined Elizabeth; "but you shall not have my forgiveness. You have deeply deceived me."

"I have deceived myself," replied Courtenay.

"A paltry prevarication, and unworthy of you," observed the Princess, scornfully. "But I have endured this long enough. Arise, and leave me."

"I will *not* leave you, Elizabeth," said Courtenay, "till I have explained the real motives of my conduct, and the real state of my feelings, which, when I have done, I am persuaded you will not judge me as harshly, as you do now."

"I do not desire to hear them," replied the Princess. "But since you are determined to speak, be brief."

"During my captivity in this fortress," began Courtenay, "when I scarcely hoped for release, and when I was an utter stranger, except from description, to the beauties of your sex, I had certain vague and visionary notions of female loveliness, which I have never since found realized except in yourself."

Elizabeth uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"Do not interrupt me," proceeded Courtenay. "All I wish to show is, that long before I had seen you, my heart was predisposed to love you. On my release from imprisonment, it was made evident in many ways, that the Queen, your sister, regarded me with favourable eyes. Dazzled by the distinction—as who would not be?—I fancied I returned her passion. But I knew not then what love was—nor was it till I was bound in this thralldom that I became acquainted with its pangs."

"This you have said before, my lord," rejoined Elizabeth, struggling against her emotion. "And if you had not, it is too late to say it now."

"Your pardon, dearest Elizabeth," rejoined Courtenay, "for such you will ever be to me. I know I do not deserve your forgiveness. But I know, also, that I shall not the less on that account obtain it. Hear the truth from me, and judge me as you think proper. Since I knew that I had gained an interest in your eyes, I never could love your sister. Her throne had no longer any temptation for me—her attachment inspired me with disgust. You were, and still *are*, the sole possessor of my heart."

"Still *ARE*! my lord," exclaimed Elizabeth, indignantly. "And you are about to wed the Queen. Say no more, or my pity for you will be changed into contempt."

"It is my fate," replied the earl. "Oh! if you knew what the struggle has cost me, to sacrifice love at the shrine of ambition, you would indeed pity me."

"My lord," said Elizabeth, proudly, "if you have no respect for me, at least have some for yourself, and cease these unworthy lamentations."

"Tell me you no longer love me—tell me you despise—hate me—anything to reconcile myself to my present lot," cried Courtenay.

"Were I to say I no longer loved you, I should belie my heart," rejoined Elizabeth; "for, unfortunately for my peace of mind, I have formed a passion which I cannot conquer. But were I also to say that your abject conduct does not inspire me with contempt—with scorn for you, I should speak falsely. Hear me, in my turn, my lord. To-morrow, I shall solicit permission from the Queen to retire from the court altogether, and I shall not return till my feelings towards yourself are wholly changed."

"Say not so," cried Courtenay. "I will forego all the brilliant expectations held out to me by Mary. I cannot endure to dart with you."

"You have gone too far to retreat, my lord," said Elizabeth.
 "You are affianced to my sister."

"Not so," replied Courtenay, "and I never will be. When I came hither, it was to implore your forgiveness, and to take leave of you for ever. But I find that wholly impossible. Let us fly from this fortress, and find either in a foreign land, or in some obscure corner of this kingdom, a happiness, which a crown could not confer."

As he pronounced these words with all the ardour of genuine passion, he pressed her hand to his lips. Elizabeth did not withdraw it.

"Save me from this great crime," he cried—"save me from wedding one whom I have never loved—save me from an union, which my soul abhors."

"Are you sincere?" asked Elizabeth, much moved.

"On my soul I am," replied Courtenay fervently. "Will you fly with me—this night—this hour,—now?"

"I will answer that question," cried a voice, which struck them both as if a thunderbolt had fallen at their feet. "I will answer that question," cried Mary, forcibly throwing aside the arras and gazing at them with eyes that literally seemed to flash fire,—*"she will not."*

"Had I not heard this with my own ears," she continued in a terrible tone, addressing her faithless lover, who still remained in a kneeling posture, regarding her with a look of mingled shame and defiance—"had I not heard this with my own ears, and seen it with my own eyes, I could not have believed it! Perfidious villain! you have deceived us both. But you shall feel what it is to incur the resentment of a queen—and that queen the daughter of Henry the Eighth. Come in, sir," she added to some one behind the arras, and Simon Renard immediately stepped forth. "As I owe the discovery of the Earl of Devonshire's perfidy to you, the least I can do is to let you witness his disgrace."

"I will not attempt to defend myself, gracious madam," said Courtenay, rising.

"Defend yourself!" echoed the Queen, bitterly. "Not a word of your conversation to the Princess has escaped my ears. I was there—behind that curtain—almost as soon as you entered her chamber. I was acquainted with your treachery by this gentleman. I disbelieved him. But I soon found he spoke the truth. A masked staircase enabled me to approach you unobserved. I have heard all—all, traitor, all."

"To play the eaves-dropper was worthy of Simon Renard," returned Courtenay, with a look of deadly hatred at the ambassador, "but scarcely, I think, befitting the Queen of England."

"Where the Queen of England has unworthy persons to deal with, she must resort to unworthy means to detect them," returned Mary. "I am deeply indebted to M. Renard for his service—more deeply than I can express. An hour more, and

it had been too late. Had I affianced myself to you, I should have considered the engagement binding. As it is, I can unscrupulously break it. I am greatly beholden to you, sir."

"I am truly rejoiced to be the instrument of preventing your majesty from entering into this degrading alliance," said Renard. — "Had it taken place, you would have unceasingly repented it."

"For you, minion," continued the Queen, turning to Elizabeth, who had looked silently on, "I have more pity than anger. You have been equally his dupe."

"I do not desire your highness's pity," rejoined the Princess, haughtily. "Your own case is more deserving of compassion than mine."

"Ah! God's death! derided!" cried the Queen, stamping her foot with indignation. "Summon the guard, M. Renard. I will place them both in confinement. Why am I not obeyed?" she continued, seeing the ambassador hesitated.

"Do nothing at this moment, I implore you, gracious madam," said Renard, in a low voice. "Disgrace were better than imprisonment. You punish the Earl sufficiently in casting him off."

"Obey me, sir," vociferated Mary, furiously, "or I will fetch the guard myself. An outraged woman may tamely submit to her wrongs—an outraged Queen can revenge them. Heaven be thanked! I have the power to do so, as I have the will. Down on your knees, Edward Courtenay, whom I have made Earl of Devonshire, and *would* have made King of England—on your knees, I say. Now, my lord, your sword."

"It is here," replied the Earl, presenting it to her, "and I entreat your majesty to sheathe it in my bosom."

"His crime does not amount to high treason," whispered Renard, "nor can your highness do more than disgrace him."

"The guard! the guard, sir!" cried Mary, authoritatively. "Our father, Henry the Eighth, whose lineaments frown upon us from that wall, had not authority for all he did. He was an absolute king, and we are absolute queen. Again, I say, the guard! and bid Sir Henry Bedingfeld attend us."

"Your majesty shall be obeyed," replied Renard, departing.

"Do with me what you please, gracious madam," said Courtenay, as soon as they were alone. "My life is at your disposal. But, I beseech you, do not visit my faults upon the Princess Elizabeth. If your majesty tracked me hither, you must be well aware that my presence was as displeasing to her as it could be to yourself."

"I will not be sheltered under this plea," replied Elizabeth, whose anger was roused by her sister's imperious conduct. "That the interview was unsought on my part, your highness well knows. But that I lent a willing ear to the Earl of Devonshire's suit is equally true. And if your highness rejects him, I see nothing to prevent my accepting him."

"This to my face!" cried Mary, in extremity of indignation.

"And wherefore not?" returned Elizabeth, maliciously.

"Anger me no further," cried Mary, "or by my father's soul! I will not answer for your head." Her manner was so authoritative, and her looks so terrible, that even Elizabeth was awed.

"Again," interposed Courtenay, humbly, "let me, who am the sole cause of your majesty's most just displeasure, bear the weight of it. The Princess Elizabeth, I repeat, is not to blame."

"I am the best judge in my own cause, my lord," replied the Queen. "I will not hear a word more."

A deep silence then ensued, which was broken by the entrance of the Lieutenant of the Tower and the guard. Renard brought up the rear.

"Sir Henry Bedingfeld," said Mary, "I commit the Princess Elizabeth and the Earl of Devonshire to your custody."

"I can scarcely credit my senses, gracious Madam," replied Bedingfeld, gazing at the offenders with much concern, "and would fain persuade myself it is only a part of the pastime I have so recently witnessed."

"It is no pastime, Sir Henry," replied the Queen, sternly. "I little thought, when I entrusted you with the government of this fortress, how soon, and how importantly, you would have to exercise your office. Let the prisoners be placed in close confinement."

"This is the first time in my life," replied the old knight, "that I have hesitated to obey your majesty. And if I do so now, I beseech you to impute it to the right motive."

"How, sir!" cried the Queen fiercely. "Do you desire to make me regret that I have removed Sir John Gage? He would not have hesitated."

"For your own sake, gracious madam," said Sir Henry, falling on his knees before her, "I beseech you pause. I have been a faithful servant of your high and renowned father, Henry the Eighth—of your illustrious mother, Catherine of Arragon, who would almost seem,—from their pictures on that wall,—to be present now. In *their* names, I beseech you pause. I am well aware your feelings have been greatly outraged. But they may prompt you to do that which your calmer judgment may deplore."

"Remonstrance is in vain," rejoined the Queen. "I am inexorable. The Princess Elizabeth may remain a close prisoner in her own apartments. The Earl of Devonshire must be removed elsewhere. You will be answerable for their safe custody."

"I will," replied Bedingfeld, rising; "but I would that I had never lived to see this day!"

With this, he commanded his attendants to remove Courtenay, and when the order was obeyed, he lingered for a moment at the door, in the hope that the Queen would relent. But, as she continued immovable, he departed with a sorrowful heart, and conveyed the Earl to his own lodgings.

Courtenay gone, Elizabeth's proud heart gave way, and she burst into a flood of tears. As Mary saw this, a feeling of compassion crossed her, which Renard perceiving, touched her sleeve, and drew her away.

"It were better to leave her now," he observed. Yielding to his advice, Mary was about to quit the room, when Elizabeth arose and threw herself at her feet.

"Spare him !" she cried.

"She thinks only of her lover," thought the Queen ; "those tears are for him. I will *not* pity her."

And she departed without returning an answer.

Having seen two halberdiers placed at the door of the chamber, and two others at the foot of the masked staircase by which she and Renard had approached, Mary proceeded with the ambassador to her own apartments.

On thinking over the recent occurrences, her feelings were so exasperated, that she exclaimed aloud, "Oh ! that I could avenge myself on the perjured traitor."

"I will show you how to avenge yourself," replied Renard.

"Do so, then," returned the queen.

"Unite yourself to my master, Philip of Spain," rejoined the ambassador. "Your cousin, the Emperor, highly desires the match. It will be an alliance worthy of you, and acceptable to your subjects. The Prince is a member of your own religion, and will enable you to restore its worship throughout your kingdom."

"I will think of it," replied Mary, musingly.

"Better *act* upon it," rejoined Renard. "The prince, besides his royal birth, is in all respects more richly endowed by nature than the Earl of Devonshire."

"So I have heard him accounted," replied Mary.

"Your majesty shall judge for yourself" rejoined Renard, producing a miniature. "Here is his portrait. The likeness is by no means flattering."

"He must be very handsome," observed Mary, gazing at the miniature.

"He is," replied Renard ; "and his highness is as eager for the alliance as his imperial father. I have ventured to send him your majesty's portrait, and you shall hear in what rapturous terms he speaks of it."

And taking several letters from his doublet, he selected one sealed with the royal arms of Spain, from which he read several highly complimentary remarks on Mary's personal appearance.

"Enough, sir," said Mary, checking him. "More unions are formed from pique than from affection, and mine will be one of them. I am resolved to affiancé myself to the Prince of Spain, and that forthwith. I will not allow myself time to change my mind."

"Your highness is in the right," observed Renard, eagerly.

"Meet me at midnight in Saint John's Chapel in the White

Tower," continued the queen, "where in your presence, and in the presence of Heaven, I will solemnly affiance myself to the prince."

"Your majesty transports me by your determination," replied the ambassador. And full of joy at his unlooked-for success, he took his departure.

At midnight, as appointed, Renard repaired to Saint John's Chapel. He found the Queen, attended only by Feckenham, and kneeling before the altar, which blazed with numerous wax-lights. She had changed her dress for the ceremony, and was attired in a loose robe of three-piled crimson velvet, trimmed with swansdown. Renard remained at a little distance, and looked on with a smile of Satanic triumph.

After she had received the sacrament, and pronounced the *Veni Creator*, Mary motioned the ambassador towards her, and placing her right hand on a parchment lying on the altar, to which were attached the broad seals of England, addressed him thus:—"I have signed and sealed this instrument, by which I contract and affiance myself in marriage to Philip, Prince of Spain, son of his imperial majesty, Charles the Fifth. And I further give you, Simon Renard, representative of the prince, my irrevocable promise, in the face of the living God and his saints, that I will wed him and no other."

"May Heaven bless the union!" exclaimed Feckenham.

"There is the contract," pursued Mary, giving the parchment to Renard, who reverentially received it. "On my part, it is a marriage concluded."

"And equally so on the part of the prince, my master," replied Renard. "In his name I beg to express to your highness the deep satisfaction which this union will afford him."

"For the present this contract must be kept secret, even from our privy councillors," said the queen.

"It shall never pass my lips," rejoined Renard.

"And mine are closed by my sacred calling," added the confessor.

"Your majesty, I am sure, has done wisely in this step," observed Renard, "and, I trust, happily."

"I trust so too, sir," replied the Queen—"but time will show. These things are in the hands of the Great Disposer of events."

XVI.—WHAT BEFEL CICELY IN THE SALT TOWER.

HORROR-STRICKEN by the discovery he had made of the body of the ill-fated Alexia, and not doubting from its appearance that she must have perished from starvation, Cholmondeley remained for some time in a state almost of stupefaction in the narrow chamber where it lay. Rousing himself, at length, he began to reflect that no further aid could be rendered her,—that she was now,

at last, out of the reach of her merciless tormentor,—and that his attention ought, therefore, to be turned towards one who yet lived to suffer from his cruelty.

Before departing, he examined the corpse more narrowly to ascertain whether it bore any marks of violence, and while doing so, a gleam of light called his attention to a small antique clasp fastening her tattered hood at the throat. Thinking it not impossible this might hereafter furnish some clue to the discovery of her real name and condition, he removed it. On holding it to the light, he thought he perceived an inscription upon it, but the characters were nearly effaced, and reserving the solution of the mystery for a more favourable opportunity, he carefully secured the clasp, and quitted the cell. He then returned to the passages he had recently traversed, explored every avenue afresh, reopened every cell-door, and after expending several hours in fruitless search, was compelled to abandon all hopes of finding Cicely.

Day had long dawned when he emerged from the dungeon; and as he was slowly wending his way towards the Stone Kitchen, he



SECRET STAIRCASE IN THE SALT TOWER.

descried Lawrence Nightgall advancing towards him. From the furious gestures of the jailor, he at once knew that he was discovered, and drawing his sword, he stood upon his defence. But a conflict was not what Nightgall desired. He shouted to the sentinels on the ramparts, and informing them that his keys had been stolen, demanded their assistance to secure the robber. Some half-dozen soldiers immediately descended, and Cholmondeley finding resistance in vain, thought fit to surrender. The keys being found upon him, were delivered to Nightgall, while he himself was conveyed to the guard-room near the By-ward Tower.

After he had been detained there for some hours in close captivity,—not even being allowed to communicate with his friends in the Stone-kitchen,—Nightgall returned with an order from the council for his imprisonment in the Nun's Bower, whither he was forthwith removed. On the way to his place of confinement, he encountered Xit, and the friendly dwarf would fain have spoken with him, but he was kept at a distance by the halberts of the guard. He contrived, however, to inform him by sundry nods, winks, and expressive gestures, that he would keep a sharp watch upon the proceedings of Nightgall.

Having seen Cholmondeley safely bestowed, the jailor repaired to the entrance of the subterranean dungeons, and lighting a torch, opened the door of a small recess, from which he took a mattock and spade. Armed with these implements, he proceeded to the vault, beneath the Devilin Tower, where he commenced digging a grave. After labouring hard for a couple of hours, he attained a sufficient depth for his purpose, and taking the torch, ascended to the small chamber. Lifting the skeleton frame in his arms, he returned to the vault. In placing the torch on the ground it upset, and rolling into the grave was extinguished, leaving him in profound darkness. His first impulse was to throw down the body, but having, in his agitation, placed the hands, which were clasped together, over his neck, he found it impossible to free himself from it. His terror was so great that he uttered a loud cry, and would have fled, but his feet were rooted to the spot. He sank at last on his knees, and the corpse dropped upon him, its face coming into contact with his own. Grown desperate, at length, he disengaged himself from the horrible embrace, and threw the body into the grave. Relieved by this step from much of his fear, he felt about for the spade, and having found it, began to shovel in the mould.

While thus employed, he underwent a fresh alarm. In trampling down the mould, a hollow groan issued from the grave. Trembling in every limb, he desisted from his task. His hair stood erect, and a thick damp gathered on his brow. Shaking off his terrors, he renewed his exertions, and in a short time his task was completed.

He then groped his way out of the vault, and having become

by long usage familiarized with its labyrinths, soon reached the entrance, where he struck a light, and having found a lantern, set fire to the candle within it. This done, he returned to the vault, where, to his great horror, he perceived that the face of the corpse was uncovered. Averting his gaze from it, he heaped the earth over it, and then flattened the mass with repeated blows of the spade. All trace of his victim being thus removed, and the vault restored to its original appearance, he took back the implements he had used, and struck into a passage leading in another direction.

Pursuing it for some time, he came to a strong door; unlocked it; and, ascending a flight of stone steps, reached another arched passage, which he swiftly traversed. After threading other passages with equal celerity, he came to a wider avenue, contrived under the eastern ramparts, and tracked it till it brought him to a flight of steps leading to a large octangular chamber, surrounded by eight deep recesses, and forming the basement story of the Salt Tower, at that time, and for upwards of a century afterwards, used as one of the prison lodgings of the fortress. In a chamber in the upper story of this fortification, now occupied as a drawing-room, is a curious sphere, carved a few years later than the date of this chronicle, by Hugh Draper, an astrologer, who was committed to the Tower on suspicion of sorcery.



CHAMBER IN THE SALT TOWER.

Quitting this chamber, Nightgall ascended a winding stone staircase which brought him to an arched door, leading to the room just described. Taking a key from the bunch at his girdle, he



ARCHED DOOR IN THE SALT TOWER, COMMUNICATING WITH SECRET STAIRCASE.

unlocked it, and entered the room. A female was seated in one corner with her face buried in her hands. Raising her head at his approach, she disclosed the features of Cicely. Her eyes were red with weeping—and her figure attenuated by long suffering. Conceiving from the savage expression of the jailor's countenance that he meditated some further act of cruelty, she uttered a loud shriek, and tried to avoid him.

"Peace!" cried Nightgall, "I will do you no harm. Your retreat has been discovered. You must go with me to the tower leading to the Iron Gate."

"I will never go thither of my accord," replied Cicely. "Release me, villain. I will die sooner than become your bride."

"We shall see that," growled the jailer. "Another month's captivity will make you alter your tone. You shall never be set free, unless you consent to be mine."

"Then I shall die a prisoner like your other victims," cried Cicely.

"Who told you I had other victims?" cried Nightgall, moodily.

"No matter who told me. I have heard Cuthbert Cholmondeley, whom I love as much as I hate you, speak of one—Alexia, I think she was named."

"No more of this," cried Nightgall, fiercely, "come along, or—"

"Never!" shrieked Cicely—"I will not go. You will murder me"—And she filled the chamber with her screams.

"Confusion!" cried Nightgall, "we shall be heard. Come along, I say,"

In struggling to free herself from him, Cicely fell upon the ground. Regardless of this, Nightgall dragged her by main force through the doorway, and so down the secret staircase. She continued her screams, until her head striking against the stones, she was stunned by the blow, and became insensible. He then raised her in his arms, and descending another short flight of steps, traversed a narrow passage, and came to a dark chamber beneath the Tower leading to the Iron Gate.



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Mr. Murray's Rules.

Correspondent Rules in this.

Rule II.—Two or more nouns, &c. in the singular number, joined together by a copulative conjunction expressed or understood, must have verbs, nouns, and pronouns, agreeing with them in the plural number; as, "Socrates and Plato were wise; they were the most eminent philosophers of Greece." "The sun that rolls over our heads, the food that we receive, the rest that we enjoy, daily admonish us of a superior and superintending power."

* This rule is not only vague, but incorrect; for a means any one; now any copulative conjunction will not combine the agency of two or more into one: none but and will do that.

Rule III.—The conjunction disjunctive Two or more singular nouns has an effect contrary to that of the conjunction copulative; for as the verb, noun, and pronoun, is referred to the preceding terms taken separately, it must be in the singular number; as, "Ignorance or negligence has caused this mistake;" "John, James, or Joseph, intends to accompany me;" "There is in many minds, neither knowledge nor understanding." —p. 146.

† The first part of this Rule amounts to nothing; for it does not guard the pupil against going wrong, by laying down plain and exact directions to keep him right; it merely states a truth, and that so vaguely that one is apt to think that any disjunctive conjunction is meant as much as Or or Nor.

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ENGLISH GRAMMAR & KEY.

Mr. Murray's Rules.

Rule VII.—A noun of multitude, or singular or plural may have a verb without regard to the number of the word, as conveying unity or plurality of idea; as, “The meeting *was* large;” “The parliament *is* dissolved;” “The nation *is* powerful;” “My people *do* not consider: *they* have not known me;” “The multitude eagerly *sue* pleasure as their chief good;” “The council *were* divided in their sentiments.”—p. 147.

The second part of this Rule is a flat contradiction of the first. The first says the verb or pronoun may be either of the singular or plural number; the second says *No*; “Not without regard to the import of the word,” &c.

Rule XIX.—Some conjunctions require the indicative, some the subjunctive mood, after them. It is a general rule, that when something contingent or doubtful is implied, the subjunctive ought to be used; as, “If I *were* to write, he *would* not regard it;” “He *will* not be pardoned, *unless* he *repent*.”

Conjunctions that are of a positive and absolute nature, require the indicative mood; “*As* virtue *advances*, so vice *recedes*;” “He *is* healthy, *because* he *is* temperate.”—p. 195.

† It is easy to define *Contingency* and *Futurity*, but who can explain what a *Positive* and *Absolute* conjunction is?

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Rule VIII.—When a noun of multitude conveys unity of idea, the verb and pronoun should be singular; as, The class *was* large.

When a noun of multitude conveys plurality of idea, the verb and pronoun should be plural; as, My people *do* not have not known me, p. 87.

Rule X.—Conjunctions that imply contingency and futurity, require the subjunctive mood; as, *If* he *be* alone, give him the letter.

When contingency and futurity are not implied, the indicative ought to be used; as, *If* he *speaks* as he *thinks* he may safely be trusted.—p. 69.

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Where fair ones, couch'd on flowery moss,
Enjoy our matchless Vale-fed beef,
Married to Goodman's matchless Sauce.
The bold Uffinga's (2) bones repose
Beneath our ancient Minster's cross ;
On our rich soil the mushroom grows,
That lends a zest to Goodman's Sauce.
Great Condé's cook (3) fell on his sword,
Despairing at his fish-cart's loss ;

A proof that Condé's princely board
Lack'd such resource as Goodman's Sauce.
For when cold scraps provoke his spleen
On washing-day, the husband cross
Shall wear again a brow serene,
Sooth'd by a taste of Goodman's Sauce.
The goose, that on our Ock's green shore
Thrives to the size of Albatross,
Is twice the goose it was before,
When hash'd w'th neighbour Goodman's Sauce.
And ye, fat trout and eels, who feed
Where Kennet's silver waters toss,
Proud are your Berkshire hearts to bleed,
When drest with Goodman's prime Vale Sauce.

1. King Alfred defeated the Danes on the White Horse Hill, and carved the Saxon standard on it, a White Horse. N.B. He was born at Wantage.
2. Uffinga was the title of the Saxon sovereign of a district. Uffington means the Uffinga's Town. N.B. Minster means a large Church.
3. About 150 years ago, when Louis XIV. King of France was to dine with the Prince of Condé, one of the Royal Family, the Prince's cook, finding that the fish had not been sent for dinner, killed himself with the sword which was worn in those days by the Master-Cooks in great families.

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J'ai ouï-dire d'une certaine " Sauce Robert,"
Avec laquelle, tant elle est ragoutante,
L'homme mangerait son respectable père ;
Mais muni de la sauce appétissante
De GOODMAN, on peut manger tout entière,
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Se vuoi, amico mio, ben osservare
I giorni di Quaresima in contento,
Io ti consiglio di cercar comprare
Del Signor GOODMAN il bel condimento.
Non è un pesce che l'uom può mangiare,
Sia buono, o sì cattivo, (com' io sento).

Che questo non sa rendere saporito.
Gusta, e convieni ch' io non ho mentito.
LUIGI MORTADELLA,
De Bologna la Grassa.

Fragst du, mein Freund, was meistens mir gefällt,
Es ist zu rauchen, trinken brav, und fressen,
Und alles wohl verkündigen zum Welt
Was ich hab' immer köstlichstes gegessen.
Die Bratwurst die man ist zum Weissen Schwan,
Ist die merkwürdigste der Deutschland's Speisen ;
Das Schwarzwild, das uns Florenz geben kann,
Der Reisende genug mag nimmer preisen ;
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"THE LADIES' AUXILIARY OF BEAUTY," so styled by its numerous admirers, is, in all climes and seasons, of inestimable importance to the Ladies: its virtues are available against the baneful influence of solar heat, which causes freckles, sun-burns, tan, &c.; and for the removal of all imperfections from the Face and Skin, it continues to be held in the highest estimation by all the first ladies of rank and fashion. The ingredients of which it is composed are most innocent and efficacious for protecting, softening, and beautifying the Skin, counteracting the injurious effects produced by intense cold winds, or solar heat. Throughout season, time, and climate, this faithful Auxiliary arrays the neck and arms in radiant brilliancy, and perpetuates the vivid bloom of juvenile attraction.

The Genuine is sold in London only by the Proprietors, **PRICE & CO.** Perfumers to Her Majesty, **MONTPELLIER HOUSE, 28, LOMBARD STREET,** Price 4s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s. per Bottle; with Testimonials of its surprising effects, by a Clergyman of the Church of England.

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PRICE & CO'S PERFUMERY, the great superiority of which has been so incontrovertibly established by the distinguished Patronage of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, the Members of the Royal Family, and by the Nobility and Gentry generally, as to render it unnecessary for P. & Co. to do more than enumerate their leading Articles:—

PRICE & CO'S VICTORIA BOUQUET, the delicious fragrance of which has rendered it an especial favourite with

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And stamped by the lovers of elegant scents as the most unique and superior ever discovered. So highly is it valued, and so fashionable has it become, that there is scarcely an assembly room, or levee where its delicious fragrance is not predominant. 3s. 6d. and 7s. per Bottle.

PRICE & CO'S BOUQUET ROYAL D'ALBERT, a new and fashionable Perfume, prepared by Command. Predominant at the Royal Nuptials, Feb. 10, 1840, and acknowledged a great treat to the Connoisseur.

PRICE'S RONDELETIA, prepared expressly for Her Majesty the QUEEN DOWAGER. An elegant and

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PRICE'S PATENT OLD BROWN WINDSOR SOAP, retains its reputation as superior to all others. It is a perfectly mild emollient Soap, highly salutary to the Skin, washing with the greatest facility, and possessing an aromatic and lasting Perfume. 2s. 6d. per Packet of six squares.

PRICE'S COLD CREAM. This innocent Composition, entirely from vegetable materials, is the most delightful cosmetic ever invented for the Nursery and Toilet: rendering the Skin soft and delicate, cool, and free from dryness.

PRICE'S GOLDEN OIL OF MACASSAR, A VEGETABLE PRODUCTION;

The only article that restores Hair on bald places; prevents it falling off or turning grey; changes grey Hair to its original colour, frees it from scurf, and makes it beautifully soft, curly, and glossy. For dressing, *en Bandeaux*, and confining the short loose Hairs on the neck, so annoying to most Ladies, it stands unequalled.

CAUTION TO FAMILIES.

Whereas many Venders sell "*spurious Macassar Oil*," the profit on which is much greater than on the genuine, and as the appearance of the Label, at first sight, may deceive the unguarded; in order to prevent such fraud, and, consequently, the destruction (by the use of the deleterious composition) of the greatest ornament Nature has bestowed upon the Human Race—the Hair—Purchasers are requested to ask for **PRICE'S GOLDEN OIL OF MACASSAR**, imported by special Appointment, for the use of Her Majesty and the Royal Family, by **PRICE & Co., Her Majesty's Perfumers, MONTPELLIER HOUSE, 28, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.**